

TEARS OF AFFECTION.

A POEM.

BY THE

DEATH OF A SISTER.

TENDERLY ILLUSTRATED

TEARS OF AFFECTION.



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TEARS OF AFFECTION,

A P O E M,

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF A SISTER

TENDERLY BELOVED.

By the Rev. JAMES HURDIS, B. D.

PROFESSOR OF POETRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Nos societ tumulus, societ nos obsecro cælum.

SIR T. MORE.

Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi.

LOWTH.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. JOHNSON, St. Paul's Church-Yard,

M D C C X C I V.

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IN THE

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LADY PELHAM.

MADAM,

THE following being the first poetical
Publication to which I have ventured
to affix my name, I with pleasure embrace the
opportunity of inscribing it to you, on account
of the respect and esteem which I owe to you
in general. A more particular inducement
was the very friendly and christian manner in
which you sympathized with the Author,
under those trying circumstances of distress
which gave birth to the first and largest poem
in the collection. The imperfect compliment
I now offer, I have long meditated, but not
finding

(vi)

finding among my former productions any which I thought worthy of my own name, I did not presume to avail myself of yours.

I have the Honour to be,

Madam,

Your obliged, humble Servant,

J. H.

CON-

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T E A R S

TEARS OF AFFECTION.

'TIS done, 'tis done, the bitter hour is past,
And Isabel my treasure, my delight,
Is number'd with the dead. I see the hearse
With sable plumes and sullen-footed steeds
The village church approach. I see the corse,
From its dark cell releas'd, by many a hand
Uplifted heavily. I hear the bell
Toll to the slow and melancholy step
Of mute procession, the white priest before,
The mourners following, and in the midst,
Thee my delight, my pleasure, and my hope,

B

Under

Under the flowing pall. I see my love
Borne thro' the portal of her native church
Thence never to return. I hear a voice
Consign her to oblivion, dust to dust,
Ashes to ashes.

Everlasting God,
Author of life, and sovereign of death,
Why hast thou stript me of this lovely gem,
The glory of my bosom? Was my tongue
Unwilling to intreat thee? Was my knee
Tardy to kneel? or did my anxious heart
Ask without fervour for the life it sought?
Mysterious being, with unceasing prayer
Have I thy throne approach'd, beseeching health
For this my dearest blessing. With large tears
Have I thy grace intreated day and night,
Requesting rather pain and poverty
Than this so bitter loss. Yet still in vain
Have I besought thee, and thy will be done.

I know

I know there is not righteousness in man,
And of the blessings which I yet enjoy
I nothing merit. Loud as I complain'd,
Devoutly as I pray'd, thine ear was shut
Without injustice; and the pains I feel
Are the due wages of my mean desert.

Eternal God, must I no more enjoy
The genial comforts which thy liberal hand
Once shed about me? Must yon lonely cot
Know me no more? yon wood-besprinkled vale
Echo no longer to my careless song?
No! my sweet treasure Isabel is gone,
And in yon rural mansion lives no more
The village Curate. To some stranger's eye
Must it unfold its blossoms, the sweet buds
Which art has taught its windows to surround.
To mine they give no pleasure, nor to me
Smiles, as it did, the valley or the brook,
The wood, the coppice, the paternal oak,

Or village steeple station'd on the hill.
No! my sweet treasure Isabel is gone.
Some messenger of God my door has past
From earth returning, saw the beauteous flower,
'Transported gather'd it, and in his hand
Bore it to Heav'n rejoicing. Lo! my tears!
They flow for Isabel, whom these my eyes,
When first they wak'd to reason and to sense,
Found a poor friendless infant at my side
In the same cradle sleeping. With a smile
And arms outstretch'd it pleaded for my love,
And won affection which no time could kill,
No accident abate. Our souls were one,
One were our hopes, our pleasures, and our pains.
Wept Isabel? into her wounded heart
Sweet consolation her companion pour'd.
Droop'd with distemper her unhealthy mate
She at his side sat weeping, sooth'd his pain
With gentle eye-drops and the tender tone

Of

Of sympathy maternal, nor forbore
Till rosy welfare to his cheek return'd.

Then sported they together, from the world
Long time remote, where yon enormous downs
Shoulder the eastern moon. The mountain's side
They scaled together, on his airy brow
Together loiter'd, and together bowl'd
The bounding flint into the vale below.
Together stood they trembling on the cliff
To view the wide unlimited expanse
Of ocean green beneath, what time the storm
His azure realm had troubled, and at large
The tempest-loving porpoise thro' his waves
Flounder'd unheeding. On the pebbly beach
With painful step they travell'd side by side,
Shrunk at the thund'ring downfall of the surge,
And chas'd the flying foam. Never apart
Till Education at her season came,

Sever'd their hands, and bade the boy averſe
To learning's diſtant fane her ſteps attend.

Yet ſtill tow'rd Iſabel's belov'd retreat
A longing eye he caſt, her parting tears
Remember'd, her engaging ſmile, her look
Of meek affection, her impaſſion'd kiſs.
Oft on the ſpotleſs ſheet with breathing pen
He pour'd the tender ſentiment he felt.
She the warm line perus'd, and dwelt with pride
On ev'ry glowing period.

So increas'd
Love not to be ſubdued, and like the moon
To ampler plenitude and ſweeter day
Proceeded hourly; but not like the moon
Increas'd to wane, augmented but to change.
No, my ſweet Iſabel, thy faithful love
Knew no decline; from day to day it grew,
From year to year, an amaranthine flower
Unchangeable. With exquisite delight

She

She welcom'd home the countenance she lov'd,
What time Vacation 'gan his airy dance
And left Tuition nodding o'er his books
In Academus' shades. With show'r of joy
Welcom'd the day when Education's claims
Drew to a period, and the youth was her's
Never to leave her more.

Then to the cot
Not unaccompanied by those they lov'd
Contented they withdrew. Then life began,
And sweetly past it by their happy door,
While they and health and innocence within
Sat at the board together. There they dwelt,
And often rose in the sweet morn of May
To watch the flow and timorous return
Of renovatèd Spring. With eye well-pleasèd
They saw the sun industrious from his couch
Still on the morrow with an earlier smile

His beauteous dawn dispense. With joyful heart
Noted the progress of the gradual vail
Slowly reviving, saw the opening bud
Spread its incautious blossom to the breeze,
The tender leaf for its protection spring,
And gloried to behold the lonely oak
In tardy foliage cloth'd. Yes, day by day
Twas thy supreme and innocent delight
With me, my Isabel, the plant and flower,
The shrub and the espalier, the high wood,
The hedge-row, field, and orchard to observe,
Each in its turn with vegetative life
Freely indued, and as its season came
Clad in peculiar honors. With thy eye
Has mine enchanted round the garden stray'd,
And oft have I beheld thee with a smile
Thy families protecting, raising some,
Some wedding to the marriageable stem,
And some with dew-drops cheering.

Ah!

Ah! no more

Must thy sweet converse in the garden shade
My list'ning ear engage. Thou shalt no more
Hear me discourse of wisdom freely shed
On ev'ry work below, and to the sight
Of him who searches easy to be seen.
Our eyes no more upon the bloom of spring
Shall dwell together. Never shall I hear
Thy tongue again the concert of the grove
Applaud, and mark at thy request the strain
Of many a warbler singing to his mate.
The bird of morn† that on the sun beam floats,
What time he darts it from the deep afloat
And smites unseen the flecker'd roof of Heav'n,
Shall no more wake thee with his early song
In wild division warbled. Nor again
Her solo anthem shall the bird of night‡
Heard with attention, to thy watchful ear
In the still coppice vary. Eve and morn

Participated

† The Lark.

‡ The Nightingale.

Participated pleasure shall no more
To us distribute. With thy arm in mine
I shall no more the sober walk enjoy
In the still ev'ning vale, what time the rook
With whisp'ring wing brushes the midway air
To the high wood impatient to return.
We shall no more yon family of oaks
Which crowds the bottom of the gloomy vale
Visit together, when the shades of night
Double the horrors of their mingled boughs.
We shall not listen to the free complaint
Of the day-dreading partridge, oft dispers'd
And often pitied by thy tongue and mine.
We shall not hear with sympathetic heart
The distant bell, whose deep and equal tone
Tolls to the grave some relative deceas'd,
Some child, some parent, or some spouse belov'd,
And dear to them who follow, as ourselves
Were precious to each other.

No!

No! dear girl,
Thy own sad knell has toll'd. My wounded heart
Has yearn'd at thy decease, and tho' my foot
Refus'd to follow to the yawning grave
Thy cold remains, my overflowing eye
Has wept thee plenteously. It weeps thee still,
And daily, while I may, the silent spot
Where thy poor reliques rest, with swelling heart
Will I revisit. Daily by thy grave
Will I the luxury of grief profuse
Indulge, and dwell a statue on the spot
Where the dark vault its stony jaws has clos'd
On Isabel my treasure, and ere long
Shall close on me. The solitary walls
Which guard thy corse, shall my domestic Muse
With unaffected eulogy inscribe,
And place her breathing tablet o'er thy bones
With the deep sigh of exquisite regret.
My tongue shall oft report thee, and my feet
Rejoice to be detain'd, while at thy side

I tell

I tell the moving tale of thy desert.
Here sleeps my Isabel, the brightest gem
Heav'n in my crown had plac'd, my bosom-star,
The sweet companion of my lonely hours,
Whose presence made a moment of a day,
Whose absence makes a century of an hour.
With me she trip'd upon the airy down,
With me she loiter'd in the sunny vale;
With me applauded nature, ever fair
Revolve in what vicissitude she will.
In ev'ry season of the beauteous year
Her eye was open, and with studious love
Read the divine Creator in his works.
Chiefly in thee, sweet Spring, when ev'ry nook
Some latent beauty to her wakeful search
Presented, some sweet flow'r, some virtual plant.
In ev'ry native of the hill and vale
She found attraction, and where beauty fail'd
Applauded odor or commended use.
So was the wild geranium to her breast,

However

However simple and however plain,
A welcome ornament; germander so
With his blue flow'r on ev'ry bank dispers'd
No guest impertinent. The humble vetch
Her posy grac'd, and the pale rose of prime.
The orchis elegant, with many a tier
Of fly-resembling blossoms each o'er each
Pagoda-like dispos'd. With tender sense
The pimpernel, which to the humid morn
Ere yet the shower-shedding cloud appears
Its bosom closes and presages wet.
The tansey with its bloom of gold, and leaf
Verdant above, with silver lin'd beneath.
The lujula which often on the bank
Dwells by the wood-land strawberry, and presents
A leaf not less delicious than his fruit,
A flow'r superior.

Such and thousands more
Leisurely gather'd have thy hand and breast

Dear

Dear Ifabel adorn'd, while I well-pleas'd
Have mark'd thy studious search, and unperceiv'd
Drawn thee thus loit'ring in unutter'd song;
Or idly wound the clasping eglantine
About thy crown, or filled thy hair with flow'rs
Of the sweet woodbine, whose maternal branch
Suckles the bee with honey and the moth.
Yes, gentle maid, thy steps have I pursued
In search of summer beauties, and observ'd
Myriads that wak'd me to delight and joy,
But none so fair, so lovely as thyself.
With thee have I admir'd the shady grove,
The sunny champaign, the extensive weald
Scatter'd with steeples, messuages, and mills,
And dwelt on many a pleasurable spot
Of intersected pasture, with its stack,
Cottage and lodge, few sheep and grazing cow,
Deeming content and happiness were there.
With thee have I applauded the deep vale,
Its verdure mellowing as it stole away,

To

To either margin of a winding stream
Presenting fainter shadows, softer woods;
With thee beheld with smile affectionate
Our native downs remote, hill behind hill,
Gigantic family, some near, some far,
With-drawing till their faint expiring tops
Were almost lost and melted into air.
With thee have I delighted still to rove
At morn, at eve, in twilight and at noon,
Long as sweet Summer lasted. Chiefly then
When tufts of primrose smil'd upon the bank,
Gracing the verge of some translucent stream
Or glassy lake, whose mirror their soft flow'rs
Reflected softer to the loit'rer's eye.
Or when the strawberry with ruddy cheek
Provok'd the finger to be plucking still,
When fragrant honey-suckle his sweet flow'r
Along the hedge-row scatter'd, and the breeze
Of ev'ning freely his perfume dispens'd;
When blossom'd clover, or the martial bean,

The

The hay-rick newly built, or bitter hop
Emitting from the oast a grateful steam,
Fill'd all the vale with odors. Arm in arm
Have we the dews of ev'ning often met,
And the pale ray of the September moon,
What time ascending with discolour'd cheek
She peer'd above the cloud or highland wood,
And silently improving as the rose
Hung o'er the faded landscape full of light;
A glorious lamp to cheer a boundless hall
Floating across the living dome of Heav'n
Suspended upon nothing. Arm in arm
Have we the sun of morning on the brow
Yet unapparent welcom'd, and his soft
Emergent glory like the bee enjoy'd
Roving from bank to bank, from hill to hill.
Along the meadow now, or thro' the field
Of sheaves erect, or barley by the scythe
In frequent lines dispos'd, or fertile oat.
Now by the stream, to hear the liquid lapse

Of Rother gliding o'er some pebbly shoal,
Or with hoarse tumult thro' the foamy dam
And idle mill-wheel falling. Homeward now
Thro' many a garden which the foster'd hop
Shades with his branch prolific, yet untouch'd.
Now to some quarter where his honours fall,
Thro' many a family who pluck his flow'rs
And fill the bin with gold, there to delay
And haply some assist the pole to strip,
Bestowing freely a few moment's toil
To mark how industry her task pursues,
With finger never weary, singing still.
Now to the village whose aspiring church
High on a hillock in the valley stands,
And smiles with glory in the rising sun
As if it lov'd the prospect it adorns.
How sweet the pleasure then, in some lone nook
Under a precipice, or lofty wood
To pause and listen, while the village bells,
By distance mellow'd, their melodious tones

Each after other to the feeding ear
Softly persuasive utter'd; faintly heard
Sometimes, and scarce more audible, remote,
Than the mellifluous octave, gently touch'd
By some impassion'd songstress to relieve
Her soul-subduing song; sometimes more bold,
A sweet harmonious diapason swell
Of gradual increase, by the breeze at length
In loud confusion huddled on the ear,
Till echo chid them and they died again.

AH me! such pleasures shall be mine no more.
My lov'd companion, whose endearing smile
And sensible remark made all things sweet;
Attends my paths no more. My gentle friend
Is snatched away to Heav'n. Content is gone,
And sorrow saddens every step I tread.
Dear spirit, come again. In some lone hour,
While thus I sit in melancholy thought,
With eyes intent upon the quiv'ring flame
That plays along the hearth, and shed my tears
Without reluctance, open wide the door,
Steal to my side unseen, and with a kiss
As often wont my reverie disperse.
Recall me with a smile from the dark gloom
Of woe and discontent, and once again
Bring to my side sweet peace; for she is fled
And has been long departed. When disease
First prey'd on thee, my treasure, she withdrew

And wander'd God knows whither. Cruel maid,
She left me tho' I lov'd her, and is gone
With those to linger who shall prize her less.
Then come again, dear spirit, come again,
And let thy smile exhilarate a soul
Which cannot live and be content alone.
I will esteem thee more and chide thee less,
And nothing utter which thy heart shall wound,
Tho' death divide us never. Want of ease
And frequent sense of agony conceal'd,
Has sometimes made me in the wayward hour,
E'en thee, thou blameless innocent, reprove;
And thou hast wept to ease an aching heart
Which almost burst at my undue rebuke.
Return again, sweet spirit. Let me weep,
And make atonement for the wrong I own.
Thou wilt not blame me. Guilty as I am
Forgiveness shall be mine. Wert thou my judge
My debt of trespass would be small indeed.

Come

Come, let me hold thee with a father's love,
 And yield thee benefits thrice more in weight
 Than father ever on his child bestow'd.
 Thou art my daughter. When my weeping Muse
 The filial Marg'ret drew, she copied thee,
 Nor can I deem thee to the brilliant gem
 Of More inferior, tho' with justice stil'd
 †The grace of Britain. Piety was thine,
 As piety was her's. Good humour, love,
 Compassion, pleasantry and soft address,
 Exterior symbols of a mind within
 Gentle, humane, and friendly, grac'd you both.
 Both from attentive childhood's earliest hour
 Were by the Muses nurtur'd. Marg'ret's eye
 Delighted ever on the page to dwell
 Of sweet instruction, and no leisure hour
 Neglected Isabel and not improv'd;
 Pursuing still the multifarious tale
 Of general story, of the world at large
 Discourfing, ancient continent and new,

† Britannia decus.—Erasim.

Of kingdoms born and mighty states deceas'd,
Of wars and victories and routed hosts,
And millions slain, of whom and of their deeds
But in the classic page no trace exists.
Now to the changes of her native isle
Strictly attentive, from its earliest birth
The growth of pow'r she trac'd, and gradual rise
Of commerce feeble in its first essay,
Spreading another and another sail,
Till ocean swarm'd with ventures, till excess
Came to the shores, till luxury began,
And exquisite refinement wondrous nice
Allow'd no blemish in the work she sought.
The birth of learning then, and childish march
Of science yet an infant led by strings
She mark'd, and thro' successive ages watch'd
The puny stripling till he grew to man.
With sages thus which every age adorn'd,
Philosophers and scholars, she ere long
Had intimate acquaintance, and the tale

Of

Of anecdote peculiar still pursued
And gloried to remember. Ye whose pens
In moral lesson have your country taught,
Say which of you she knew not? studious ever
Of your instructive and amusing line,
Whether it march'd in solemn state along,
Or wanton'd idly to arrest the eye
And lead the flumb'ring judgement unawares
To sense of duty. Which of you, ye bards,
Had she not follow'd thro' your airy flights?
Whether aloft in Epic song sublime
And bold Pindaric soaring, or beneath
Flutt'ring in humble verse, or steadier song
Warbling suspended in the midway Heav'n.
From the wild terrace of the British muse
She ev'ry flow'r had gather'd, and dispos'd
In cabinet secure her posied sweets,
The weed rejecting ever. Witness these
So neatly pen'd, so carefully preserv'd,
Volumes of beauty, for the leisure eye

And faithless memory copied. Prospers here
The puniest blossom of the classic muse,
Here flourishes the fairest. Chiefly thine
Thou bard of nature Shakespeare. Milton thine,
Thine Dryden, from a mound of rubbish cull'd,
Yet not inferior to the best that blow.
Thine Spenfer, to the antiquarian eye
Soberly pleasing. Butler thine, replete
With learning, sense and wit. Roscommon thine,
Judicious, elegant, and Otway thine
Applauded and reprov'd. Thine Pope, as gems
Not seldom lustrous, sometimes tinsel-rayed.
Thine gentle Pomfret, not to be despis'd,
And nebulous Blackmore thine. Thine charming
Politest grace of the dramatic page, [Rowe,
And thine poetic Prior. Parnel thine,
To me of lovely fragrance. Thomson thine,
And thine more musical, descriptive less,
Young, in whose tedious and protracted song
Still gleams and still expires the cloudy day

Of genuine Poetry. Thine too are there,
Impetuous Akenfide, as thunder strong.
Thine awful, pleasing, persecuted Gray.
Thine lovelorn Littleton, and Shenstone thine
An artificial nosegay made of shells.
And thine not least esteem'd, tho' latest nam'd,
Ingenious Cowper. From thy various Muse,
Sweet bard, she frequent entertainment fought,
Nor long could seek in vain. Upon thy page
Her eye was feeding, when invidious death
Her bosom wounded with his poison'd shaft.
And soon she thought thy labour to repay
With some fair pledge of honour and esteem
By her own art accomplish'd. Time to come
Far as the ken of certainty may reach
She to display had purpos'd, and thine ear
With sweet prophetic narrative to feed
As long as hunger would. For she had skill
The moon from her high orbit to decoy
And hold her spell-bound in the midst of Heav'n

While

While she propounded question, at what hour
The phasy wand'rer with decreas'ing orb
Her course anomalous fulfill'd unseen.
Or at what hour with half replenish'd horn
She grac'd the brow of eve, or when replete
Rose in full glory in the belt of night.
Then question sprung, if in her annual course
Oft times the world embracing, thro' the band
Which marks the fancied circuit of the sun
At her renewal or her full-fac'd hour
She pass'd. Affirmative reply with style
Correct was noted, and from thence arose
Examen nice, how near or how remote
The node she fail'd to or the node she left;
And whether as she journey'd, void or fill'd,
She touch'd the distant shadow of the earth,
Or shadow'd earth herself. Earth's shadow then
Was feebly pictur'd, and the point exact
By computation noted, where the orb
Of night first smote it, and her borrow'd beam

Slowly submitted, till her faded cheek
Was all with wan deliquium sicklied o'er.
Her central course athwart the shade she cross'd
And every moment of her pallid march
Were represented then, till her thick veil
Earth drew aside, impatient of delay
And the sweet loss she mourn'd. Then glow'd anew
The silver crescent with improving horn,
And the fair orb thro' all her changes past
Of wane and increase in a summer's eve.
The moon thus portrayed in her languid hour,
Question arose what time her rayless orb
The sunbeam intercepted, and how large
The portion sever'd from his ardent globe
By her intruding disc; at what bright hour
She 'gan invade him, and her central path
Whether it smote his axis in the midst
Total eclipse inducing, or a ring
Of glory sparing on his utmost skirt.

Such

Such arduous queries would the fair one ask
And reason answer'd, on her spotless blank
The luminaries painting, each in turn
Involv'd in partial or in total gloom;
The one long struggling with her adverse hour,
The other soon victorious. Nor alone
Computed she the labours of the moon
Or parent sun, as their expiring balls
The passant year alarm'd, or years to come
Clouded with idle terrors yet unborn.
Into the dark abyss of ages past
An eye inquisitive she threw, and oft
The credulous historian, copying still
The date erroneous, with unerring art
Chastis'd and rectified, the glorious fact
To its lost hour restoring, till the page
Of maim'd chronology spake truth alone.

Such was thy skill, dear maid, by nature taught
The maze of heav'nly motions to explore.

Nor

Nor this thy only art, in numbers vers'd,
And able early to untie with ease
The problematic knot, howe'er delay'd
By fraction cumbersome, and hard to rule.
Thine was the pow'r, when calculation swarm'd
With digits numberless, and scarce could urge
Her toilsome process, by unweildy size
Retarded, to conduct with ease the mind
Thro' all its movements to the truth it fought
By that sweet art of the wild Arab learn'd.
Compendious method, whose disputing march
Relieves the soul of effort, and cuts short
The labour of attention, making truth
To him who millions agitates involv'd
No longer vex'd and tedious, nor to him
Who geometric inference pursues,
Still on the letter'd diagram intent.

Thine also was the art, to touch with skill
And various feeling the persuasive stop.

Of

Of organ mellow-ton'd, slow movement first
And solemn fingering, till the lapt soul
With sweet indulgence fatiated 'gan doze
As if by opium lull'd, and ill perceiv'd
The melting lapse of diapason sounds,
Harmonious combination falling slow
Into a tremulous expiring close.
Then the brisk fugue with captivating air,
Expressive pause, and tone distinct and loud,
Led like some active hero to the field,
Led and was followed by battalions firm,
'Till universal uproar fill'd the ear.
Then follow'd tender air, that stole along
Like softest poetry, whose dying fall
Might ravish Heav'n itself. Then solemn march,
Impulse scarce needing of the pow'rful trump
And loud reverberating drum, to wake
Reposing valour to gigantic deeds.
Then air accompanied by verse and voice,
Haply of Handel's muse, for some sweet grace

Selected

Selected and esteem'd, haply deriv'd
From genius less improv'd, from living art
Which seldom to the judgment dares appeal
Her song compiling for the ear alone.
Religious anthem then thy spreading hand
With its full concord swell'd, whether it breath'd
Melodious solo or harmonious verse,
Or shouted chorus awfully devout
Enrich'd with all the mysteries of tone.

What grace had music which to thee was new
Or hard to copy, evermore intent
Upon her learned pleasure-giving page.
And yet not so intent, but that thy eye
Would often hunger for sedater fare,
Would thirst th' amusing characters of Greece
In Homer's line to read, and drink the stream
Of pure Castalian genuine as it fell.
Nor of that fount alone, but of the fount
Of God, whence prophets their sublimer draught
Drew,

Drew, 'till the plenteous bev'rage on their lips
Kindled divine enthusiasm, long'd thy soul
To taste with freedom. Hence thy brave attempt
To climb the mountain of Judæan writ,
'Till nought of Hebrew rudiment thy search
Or memory escap'd. The key was thine
The ark of ancient promise to unlock,
And there the sacred leaf to others dumb
To scan and to interpret for thyself.
Yet slighted not thy truth-adoring soul
The volume of translation, long esteemed
And executed well, nor needing yet,
Save here and there, a sense-restoring touch.
Thence drew thy judgment a continual feast,
The chain of prophecy expounding still
Link after link as story lent thee light,
And tracing with conviction the strong proof
Of Christian verity, still free to doubt
And nothing credulous, yet yielding still
To equal testimony brave assent.

SUCH were the treasures of thy active mind,
Ingenious Isabel; such the sweet arts
Which made thee to a brother dear indeed;
That not the pious child of More to him
Seem'd to possess, enchanting as she was,
Of mental beauty a more ample share.
Yet, lovely as thou wert, thy hour is past,
Thy beaming day is ended. Thou art gone,
Fleeting and transient as the cloud of morn,
And only this poor feeble outline lives,
This stol'n resemblance of thy trembling shade
Cast by the midnight taper on the wall,
And sorrowfully pencil'd ere thy lips
Were cold in death. Yes, this poor shade alone
Is all that Heav'n has left me, and e'en this
Had not been mine to weep o'er and to love,
But that my daring pencil spite of grief
The feature copied when the soul was fled.
Dear welcome image in my bosom dwell.

D

Forfake

Forfake me never. Let me love thee still,
And often gaze upon thy lifeless cheek
Till blinded sorrow has no eye to see.
Let me the kiss of extacy imprint
On thy cold lips, oft as my sinking soul
With recollection bows of those dear hours
When thy belov'd original was mine
To speak to and carefs. Then go in peace
And to the mansion of my heart return,
Whence none but death shall pluck thee. There
In mute security till life be spent. [repose
Nought that reminds me of the maid I lov'd,
Nor aught that she applauded or esteem'd
Shall from my sight depart. Therefore shall you,
Ye gentle doves familiar to the hand,
Whom goodness long experienc'd has made tame
And nothing fearful of the touch of man,
Under my roof still live, and still enjoy
Provision plenteous. Ifabel your lives
Redeem'd for pity and the debt forgave.

Dying

Dying herself your liberty she ask'd
Of thirsty violence, and ye shall fall
When nature pleases, without shedding blood.
And thou too, tabby favorite, tho' thy eye
Stranger to tears no sorrow has express'd,
Still sporting on the hearth tho' Isabel
Thy fond protectress is thy friend no more,
Thou, gentle kitten, shalt no morning-meal
With slender tone petitionary ask
But I will yield it. Sit upon my knee,
And whisper pleasure, gratitude and love,
For favour well bestow'd. Thy silky neck
Still offer to the pressure of my hand,
And fear no evil. Frisk upon the floor,
And cuff the cushion or suspended cork
Till riot make thee weary. Slumber then
In the warm sunbeam on the window's ledge,
Till from thy fur the spark electric spring.
Or doze upon the elbow of my chair,
Or on my shoulder, or my knee, while I

Lost in some dream of happiness deceas'd
Steal from reflection pleasure, and beguile
A morning's march across the vale of life
By musing upon comforts now no more.
Or if sweet sleep not please thee, with the cord
And dangling tassel of the curtain play,
Or seize the grumbling hornet, or pert wasp
Intruding ever, while I smile remote
At danger brav'd by vent'rous ignorance
And anger ill-escap'd. Only forbear
To tease the fly and inoffensive moth,
As Isabel forbade thee. Least of all
Fasten thy talons on the fenceless dove,
For that were murder not to be excus'd.

O changeable

O Changeable and fleeting world! The hour
E'en now by time's repeating tongue announc'd
Completes the circle of twelve speedy months
Since I my Isabel, with heart elate
And proud of its possession, at the ball
Beheld triumphant; since her rapid hand
The harp's sweet strings with emulation smote,
And easily victorious won the palm,
Yet blush'd to take it as not well deserv'd.
Where is she now? O soul-distracting thought!
Open thy caverns, earth, and bless my sight
With one short interview of her I mourn.
And thou, great God, forgive me, if I burst
The portal of the grave, ill-reconcil'd
To this thy hard decree. Ye silent dead
I come to weep in your profound abodes,
To shed my tears within your mould'ring vaults
'Mid eyeless skulls and dissipated bones.
I have a father somewhere. Here he lies.

Good man, I much respect thee, tho' my tears
Grac'd not thy funeral hour; a child too young
To know the value of the friend he lost.
Repose in peace. Thy children shall be mine.
I come not now to weep thee, but to seek
My long-lov'd Isabel, of all thy train
Save one the youngest, and of all thy train
Excepting none the loveliest. Here she sleeps,
Known to a father scarce twelve little moons,
To me a daughter for twelve precious years
Twice told. Thou tenant of the gloomy vault
Whom these dark boards have prison'd from my
Thou sleeping angel in a treble chest [sight,
Thrice lock'd and bolted, let me the harsh screw
Which thy sweet smile confines from its firm hold
Wrench hatefully away. Let me the seam,
Which o'er thy silent innermost recess
Strong cement closes, resolutely burst
To view thy welcome countenance again.
Where are the lips which mine so oft have press'd

In

In joyous welcome and in sad adieu?
Where are the eyes, which ne'er encounter'd these
But to relate, in eloquence how sweet,
In poetry how charming, the soft tale
Of daughterly affection? Where, oh where
Is the sweet voice that charm'd my soul to rest,
And made my cottage but a step from Heav'n?
Where is the hand so welcome to my touch,
So skill'd to gratify my thirsting ear
With harmony's full measure of delight?
Obstruction hence, impediment away.
Tho' universal Hell my arm oppose
I will again behold her. Lend me, Death,
Lend me, grim monster, thy eternal bar,
Thy massy lever that upheaves the lid
Of the mephitic marble-jaw'd abyss,
And I shall all prevail. Lo! it is done.

Ah me! is this my Isabel? Are these
The lips where health his odoriferous gales

And vernal roses shed? Are these the balls
Whose dew so often fell to soothe my pain
Or welcome my return, provoking still
The latent sympathy my looks denied
Till my heart melted and my eye o'erflow'd?
Are these the fingers that so charm'd my ear?
Is this the hand that dwelt upon my arm
So many summers in the ev'ning walk?
The hand that serv'd me with good-will so free,
Guided the pen so fairly, and the heart
So sweetly portray'd on the vacant leaf?
How chang'd and how disguis'd! Dear lovely maid,
These wasted features, and this dread attire
Deprive thee of all semblance. But for these
External horrors which thy limbs enclose,
And this thy name engraven, I should deem
Delusion bound me in her subtle chain.
Whither, oh whither is thy beauty fled?

Great God of change, unchangeable thyself,
How transient are thy works! The very world
Is but a beauteous flower, whose sweet leaves
Still fade to flourish, still revive to die.
The tide once overwhelm'd it, and the frown
Of him who made it has its tender branch
Oft wither'd. It shall perish once again
E'en to the root, and yet revive and live.
And so shalt thou, sweet Isabel, return.
Heav'n speed the day. Eternal Deity,
Be it thy pleasure to restore her soon.
Restore her now. Let my unhallow'd lips
The word convey. Arch-angel, blow the trump,
And send thy death-subduing summons forth
That hell may hear and tremble. Let old earth
Quake to her broad foundations at thy blast,
And gasp and heave with agonies intense
To give her kindled millions second birth.
Let Heav'n be open'd and the spotless judge
Upon the clouds descend, the shout of Gods
Wafting his chariot to the world he won.

I will

I will not fly, tho' conscious of offence
And many a talent wasted and ill-used,
Till I have seen my Isabel awake
To bless me with a smile. Why stays the hour?
Why slumbers Justice at her chariot side?
Have I no voice in Heav'n? Then sorrow come,
And shed no drop of comfort in my cup.
Here let me die the victim of regret,
And sleep till mercy wake me, till relief
Wipe all away my tears, and bid me live
For misery is no more. Close at thy side,
Ingenious Isabel, let me be laid,
Never to leave thee. May the daring wretch
Who parts my bones from thine feel never peace,
But sigh for agonies severe as these.
Sweet maid, I lov'd and rear'd thee as I could,
And ask forgiveness that I did no more.

Must I still live? Great God at thy command
I close my lips. I will no more complain.

I will

I will return to life, however sharp,
Nor quit it till thy summons call me hence.
Adieu, my love, sweet Isabel adieu,
My lost companion, exquisitely dear,
I leave thy cold and solitary cell
To visit life again, I shall not long
Be absent from thy side. These ling'ring pains,
Effect of vigilance and much concern,
And fretful melancholy pining still
For thee my treasure lost, will yet prevail
And weigh me down to death. Departed maid,
Soon to thy side I come, and bounteous God
Grant me this blessing, never to be mov'd
From this my spot of coveted repose
Till the loud trump of resurrection blow.
Then (hear me Heaven) let these lamenting eyes,
Which saw my lovely Isabel depart,
First wake to endless being, and with tears
Of joy profuse her renovation mark.
Let me behold her as the gentle warmth

Of life rekindles, as her glowing cheek
The hue of health recovers, as her pulse
Begins again to throb, her lip to breathe.
Then let me wake her with an ardent kiss,
And with a flood of transport bless the day
Which makes her mine for ever. Day remote
And long to be expected. For not yet
Shall pass this world away. Not yet shall come
The funeral of the globe, tho' earth be old
And oft betray her symptom of decline.
No! I have long to tarry ere the morn
Of restoration dawn, and many a slow
And weary winter must I urge away.
Distress and sickness, sorrow, care, and pain,
Must I endure alone, shed many tears,
Lament for comforts gone, and thro' the dark
And dismal cave of dissolution march,
Ere I can meet my Isabel again.
And even then my pittance of desert
Shall ill entitle me her bliss to share,

Tho'

Tho' Heav'n be bountiful and much forgive,
Tho' it attribute merits not our own
To us who need. Then what is life to me?
The cage of discontent; dark prison-house
Of sorrow and complaint, which I nor dare
To quit, nor hope to dwell in. Happier days
Once found me loit'ring, but such days are fled.

Yes, I was happier once, and fondly sung
Of comforts not dissimul'd, of my cot
And sweet amusements which attract no more.
Methought my song should ever be content,
Plac'd by my God where I was richly blest,
In such a nook of life that I nor wish'd
Nor fancied aught that could have pleas'd me more.
So sings the summer linnet on the bough,
And pleas'd with the warm sun-beam, half asleep,
The feeble sonnet of supine content
To his Creator warbles, warbles sweet
And not condemn'd, till some unfeeling boy

His

His piece unheeded levels, and with show'r
Of leaden mischief his ill-utter'd song
Suddenly closes. Pines the songster then
Wounded and scar'd, flutters from bough to bough,
Complains and dies, or lingers life away
In silent anguish and is heard no more.



M Y

MY God, have I arraign'd thee? Let thy bow
Ten thousand arrows in this bosom fix,
Yet will I own thee just. Take all away.
Leave me no friend, but let me weep alone
At mute affliction's solitary board.
Summon Cecilia to an early grave,
And let her tribe of cheerful graces fade
Fast as the flow'r she gathers. Let the worm
Prey on the roses of Eliza's cheek.
Yet will I bless thee. For to this harsh world
I came a beggar, but sufficient bread
Have never needed. Thy indulgent hand
Fed and sustain'd me, and sustains me still.
Nor feel I hardship which thy partial rod
To me alone dispenses. Bitter loss
Sorrow and misery overflow the cup
Of many a soul more innocent than mine.

Behold

Behold yon village church, whose humble tower
Stands in a vale between two lofty hills
Upon the confines of the winter's flood.
There Caroletta sleeps. Poor hapless girl!
She saw a daring brother bound in chains
And visited his dungeon—saw the sword
Of angry justice waving o'er his head—
Blush'd for his shame—absconded from the world—
Pin'd into sickness—and, the culprit dead,
Close at his heels went down into the grave.
So beauty, virtue, piety, and youth
Fell in an instant, and the scythe of time
Cut from the root with one determin'd blow
The noisome thistle and the harmless rose.
A rose too delicate and winning fair
For the deserted village where it grew,
And happily remov'd to bloom in Heav'n.

Conduct thine eye along that chain of hills,
Observe a sloop at the mountain's foot

Girded

Girded by woodland. There Aurelia liv'd,
And to her happy spouse, the Vicar, bore
Six smiling infants. To maturer years
Each rose in turn, but ere the hour was past
Which childhood limits, one grew sick and died.
Another linger'd and another fell.
A third departed; and thus clos'd the grave
On three sweet maidens in the bloom of life.
A duteous son then fell, by phrensy seiz'd
Ere Education her expensive work
Had well accomplish'd, and the letter'd youth
Dismiss'd a graduate. Yet another liv'd,
But liv'd remote upon the Indian shore,
Nor there liv'd long, but died. The Vicar then
To Heav'n was summon'd, and his weeping spouse
With only one poor sickly daughter left
Fled from the vale and was not heard of more.

Then let not me complain, but o'er thy grave,
Departed Isabel, my tablet place

E

And

And to my hearth return; content that Heav'n
Which all might challenge has yet spar'd me much.
" Adieu, sweet maid, whom death untimely smote
" As eager winter nips the bud of spring
" For blossoming too early. Here secure,
" While judgment tarries, in the dust repose,
" And while less happy thro' the vale of life
" We toil in tears without thee. Yet not long
" Shall death divide us. Swift as the dove's wing
" Shall pass the moments of this changeful stage,
" And soon our bones shall meet. Here will we
 sleep,
" Here wake together, and from hence ascend
" (If haply innocence like thine be ours)
" To love which no affliction shall disturb."

Ye kind and cheerful partners of my roof
Receive me once again, and once again,
Welcome associates of my humble board,
Smile at my entrance, and assuage my pain

With

With pure esteem's reiterated kifs.
Cecilia, let thy finger fill my ear
With the sweet concord of subduing sounds
Prelude to serious song. Let thy free voice
Eliza sooth me with some plaintive air,
Till peace and comfort fill my breast again.
Steal me away from grief and grief from me.
Let not your hearts be sad, tho' on my cheek
Dull melancholy dwell, and from my brow
Depart reluctant as the louring gloom
Of mid-November. Yet this cloud shall pass,
And float away with sensible retreat
In the returning sunshine of content.
This frown of winter shall again be chas'd
By the sweet smile of spring. Summer shall come,
And joy shall blossom from ten thousand buds
Gay as the nectarine, tho' now its branch
Seem to be blasted by a withering frost
Never to flourish more. Come then, my loves,
Still let improvement be our daily care.

And let us rise to this our welcome task
Soon as the lark of May, which soars aloft
In the first glimpse of morning, and performs
A darkling anthem at the gates of Heav'n.
Let us pursue it, earnest as the bee
Searching the raspberry's unfolded bloom,
Which never leaves it till the sun is couch'd
The longest summer's day; yea travels still
And with the nightingale her strain prolongs
E'en in the moon-beam, when the vale is hush'd
And ev'ry idler bird gone home to bed.
This be our only care, till waning life
Has number'd all its sands. And then one grave
Receive us all, and be one only vault
The darksome cell of our imprison'd bones.
Thither let nature lead us one by one
Nothing despairing, tho' with plenteous tears
Haply bewailing intermitted love,
As now we weep o'er Isabel deceas'd.
No proud inscription memorize the spot

To which our ashes are gone down in hope.
But let one unadorn'd and modest stone
Plain and sincere, say only, "Here he lies
"And here lie those he lov'd and those he sung."
Under the altar of yon village church,
Which stands upon a hillock in the vale
And looks toward the foamy swelling deep,
Close by the side of Isabel so dear,
Will we repose together; there to rest,
Till at the dawn of everlasting doom
The summoning Archangel lift his trump
And blow the dead to life. Than shall we wake
To sweet renewal of unceasing love,
To surer peace and union without end.

Thou bounteous Author of all human bliss,
Give me whatever lot thy wisdom deems
Meet and convenient—pleasure, if thou wilt—
If not, then pain—and be it sharp as this
My heart tho' wounded shall adore thee still.

TEARS OF AFFECTION.

To which our aches are gone down in hope.

But let our unloved and most all those

Pain and love, say only, "I love thee."

"And here he stands he lov'd and loves he true.

I under the altar of your virginity

Which stands upon a hillside in the vale

And looks toward the sunny world deep

Close by the feet of Habel to do so

Will we rejoice together there to rest

Till at the dawn of everlasting day

The luminous, all-angels, the sun and moon

And blow the wind in their faces, then shall we wake

I shall be with you in the morning

I shall be with you in the morning

I shall be with you in the morning

I shall be with you in the morning

I shall be with you in the morning

I shall be with you in the morning

I shall be with you in the morning

THE
BOUQUET,
A
COLLECTION
OF
SCATTERED PIECES,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

*Ego apud Matineæ
More modoque
Grata Carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus undique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.*

THE
DOUGLASS
A
COLLECTION
OF
SCATTERED PIECES
BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
15 N. 2ND ST.
1852.

A

I
T
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THE BOUQUET.

I. *V E R S E S*

OCCASIONED BY AN ACCIDENT.

IT chanc'd, her gay triumph to check,
As Amanda was dancing with grace,
The chain that encompass'd her neck
Came afunder and fell from its place.

Be it mine, said the youth at her side,
To entammel a heart that would stray.
It shall rest where it is, she replied,
Lest my own should be pilfer'd away.

Ay, bind it, he answer'd with zeal,
O for charity give it a chain,
For none that has power to steal,
Will have virtue enough to refrain.

II. THE

II. *THE AUTHOR'S ADDRESS*

TO HIS FATHER.

DEPARTED soul, whose sudden calm decease
Came in the moment when thy joyous heart
Welcom'd the birth-hour of thy latest born—
Thou at whose feet a care-devoted child
I stood unconscious in the hour of death,
And saw thy eyelid close, nor deem'd it aught
Save the sweet symptom of returning sleep—
Kind parent, whose indulgence yet my soul
Fondly remembers, and thy name reveres—
If in the mansions where thy spirit dwells
Inhabits sweet remembrance of thy own,
Know they are happy, and thy virtues hail
With never-ceasing pride and filial joy.

III. VERSES

III. V E R S E S

TO AMANDA.

IF Prometheus, my charmer, complain'd
Of the rigorous justice of Jove,
And to Caucasus ever was chain'd,
When he stole only fire from above.

Shalt thou 'scape the Thunderer's blow,
And thy infinite theft be forgiven,
Who hast plunder'd all nature below,
Who hast stol'n all the beauties of Heaven?

O no, thou no longer shalt stray
From the fetters of punishment free,
Mighty Jove the vast wrong shall repay,
And chain thee for ever—to me.

VI. C A N-

IV. CANZONET I.

WHEN the grey witch of former days

Prefum'd to exercise her spell

She made her exit in a blaze,

And he that was bewitch'd was well.

But now, since more angelic shapes

At incantation take their turn,

The beauteous forcerefs escapes

And he that is bewitch'd must burn.

So am I doom'd in spite of aid

To languish in the midtt of flame,

Fast-ftak'd by yon enchanting maid

Who charms me with her very name.

Bewitching beauty, ah restrain

The pow'rful magic of thine eye,

Bestow a fmile upon my pain,

And fet me free or let me die,

Rouse thy displeasure. Let despair
With his keen arrow pierce my side,
Or give me ease which must be there
Where Heav'n, and love, and thou reside.

V. *THE MIDNIGHT INVOCATION.*

YE fairies who float on the breeze
And in blossoms delight to repose,
Or regale with convenience and ease
In the moss-cover'd bud of the rose.

Ye elves who in acorn cups dwell
Sleeping fast through the fervours of noon,
And rejoice round the hyacinth's bell
To dance down the pale day of the moon.

Lay aside ev'ry sport ye pursue
On the mountain or dew-besprent green,
And your gay summer habits renew
To come hither and wait on your Queen.

Make ye haste at the dead of the night
From her chamber to steal her away,
Oh make haste, and again to my fight
My divine little charmer convey.

Your

Your most easy of chariots prepare,
One whose wheels are on thistle-down borne,
And conduct her asleep thro' the air
Softly smiling as rosy-cheek'd morn.

Deck her couch with the blossoms of spring,
Round about her sweet essences shed,
And suspend the grey butterfly's wing
For a canopy over her head.

In the lap of sweet slumber and ease
On the plumes of the moth let her lie,
And her cheek curtain close from the breeze
With the web of the foe to the fly.

And, since slumber and music agree,
Gentle harmonies round her be heard,
The soft flutes of the gnat and the bee
And the hum of the dew-sipping bird.

At

At my door when your myriads alight

Let no footstep disquiet her peace,

Come ye down like the snow in the night

Soft and still as the dew on the fleece.

And if, wak'd, from yon intricate thorn

The sweet linnet should warble his lay,

Bid him hush for it is not the morn,

He has long to repose before day.

Airy charmer, who thus to my sight,

Cloth'd in fancy's bewitching attire,

Comest ever by day and by night

While I gaze and too fondly admire;

Lift thine eye and my passion approve,

For I own and conceal it no more,

Thou alone art the fairy I love,

Thou alone art the sylph I adore.

Yet

Yet alas! since to these longing arms
Thy attractions thou wilt not resign,
Slumber on while I dote on thy charms
And applaud what must never be mine.

Ah! the Fates, gentle Waller, design'd
That our lots should in one thing agree,
Thou wast won by a maiden unkind,
And a maiden unkind has won me.

Thou didst love, and still she could refuse,
Sweet encouragement never was thine,
Saccharissa could laugh at thy muse,
Anna-bella is heedless of mine.

TO A LADY

WHO, UPON RECEIVING A FLOWER, OBSERVED
THAT NATURE COULD NOT HAVE MADE IT
MORE PERFECT.

COULD Nature do no more for this fair flower ?

Affert it not, fair maid,—it is not true;

To make a fairer she had surely power,

Who made a fairer when she model'd you.†

† For the thought of this little piece and one of the lines, the
Author confesses himself to have been indebted to an ingenious
Friend.

VII. CANZONET II.

IN my bosom contentment shall reign
And despair shall torment me no more,
I have seen my lov'd fair one again
And she came with a smile to my door.

I have seen her tho' transient her stay,
Tho' time would not loiter and wait,
And the show'r has not yet wash'd away
The small print of her foot at my gate.

Rapid day the strong reason explain
Why thy steeds were so quick to be gone,
To remove, my sweet angel again
And to leave me to linger alone.

Come again and to merit my praise
Travel flow thro' the regions above,
And I'll give thee the gratefulest lays,
Which can flow from the bosom of love,

O return,

O return, and to win my good will,
When I see her approach from afar
Turn thy steeds with their heads to a hill
And lock fast ev'ry wheel of thy car.

VIII. *L I N E S*

INSERTED IN A POCKET-BOOK.

GO, little book, I charge thee post away;
To the fair hand of her I love depart,
And in soft numbers to her eye convey
The still confession of a wounded heart.

Whisper the hopeless passion in her ear
Which thy sad master can no longer hide,
And say not Littleton was more sincere
When at his Lucy's grave he fondly sigh'd.

Go and return not, but from to day to day,
Plead for affection till her heart approve,
Go and return not, but for ever stay,
The sacred pledge of unforbidden love.

For know, if to this hand these leaves return,
And to this heart unwelcome tidings bear,
Thou must a flame-devoted victim burn
Upon the kindled altar of despair.

But

But if thou stay, and her propitious eye
Delight to read my undiffembling line,
Thy precious memory shall never die,
But live eternal as her love and mine.

IX. ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

REPLENISH'D moon, whose unobstructed beam
Once more upon the windows of my cot
Shines with such sweet indulgence, welcome still.
I bid thee welcome with a cheerful heart
Which loves thy gentle mitigated ray,
And the sweet smile of mute benevolence
Which glows upon thy brow—whether thy orb
Rise in the tranquil hour and climb in peace
The azure concave of unclouded Heav'n,
Or leave its couch to cross a stormy sky
And post triumphantly from cloud to cloud—
Or whether thy pure beam shed second day
Upon a frosty scene of hills and dales
Cover'd with Winter's snow, or dimly rise
From Autumn's purple east with aspect streak'd,
Tawny, and slowly brightning, as subsides
The ray of mellow ev'ning in the west—
Yes I still love thee, and thy rising hail

With

With all the little music which the lyre
Struck by my hand can utter.

Yet, fair moon,
Much as I love thee, let me with thee gone.
Empty thy golden globe. Reverse thy horns,
Swiftly renewing till thy ample orb
Once more arrive at her full-lumin'd hour,
For know, unwearied empress of the night,
Soon as thy lamp industrious shall have run
Its phasy circuit round the tardy earth,
So soon I meet the fair one I adore,
My promise-bound companion in the dance.
Then, cheerful orb, I shall not look on thee.
Fair as thou art, a fairer still than thou
Will all my tendance win. Sweet is thy smile
But sweeter hers. For as thy beauteous light
O'ercomes the feebler glories of the sky,
So will her fair appearance thy poor ray
With ease subdue, and make it pale and faint
As at the dawn of all-eclipsing day.

X. CANZONET III.

When the maid that possesses my heart
Was content at my mansion to stay,
Rapid time was in haste to depart
And the moments fled laughing away.

But now since I see her not near,
And to seek her is not in my pow'r,
Ev'ry day is as long as a year,
Ev'ry moment as slow as an hour.

Tardy time, thy fleet pinions repair,
To be swifter than ever was known,
Let the hours while I wait for my fair
Dance away upon sandals of down.

But when, her gay fellows among,
At my door my sweet angel appears,
Bid the moments steal softly along
And lengthen the days into years.

XI. AD-

XI. ADDRESS TO HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS, thou puny short-liv'd plant,
Whose tender branch this World's inclement sky
But ill endures, and bears abundant bloom
In the pacific clime of Heaven alone,
Let me thy transcient beauty strive to rear,
Not without hope, uncertain as thou art,
That thy sweet blossom shall at length be mine.
I'll give thee shelter from all winds that blow,
Diffuse eternal summer round thy head,
And satisfy thy root with gentle drops
Warm as the dew the tender mother sheds
Upon her drooping child. And in return
Do thou, sweet stranger, to my longing eye
At least one blossom leisurely unfold,
To be transported, when occasion smiles,
Into the bosom of the maid I love.
There to abide, perchance shall please thee well,

For

For 'tis a mansion like thy native seat,
The fair abode of innocence and truth.
Be it thy home, and satisfy mankind
That happiness can flourish here below,
And is not always like the Cereus' bloom,
Alive at night and wither'd ere the morn.

XII. CANZONET IV.

CAN aught be more fair to the eye
Than the blush of the maidenly year?
Can aught with the orchard-bloom vie
When in May its sweet blossoms appear?
Can aught like the eglantine please,
Or the rose budding? Tell me what can?
O thrice more attracting than these
Is the cheek of my sweet little Anne.

What can charm like the spring of the field
When it trickles transparently by?
Or what sweeter pleasure can yield,
Than to look on the gems of the sky?
What can win like the tremulous dew
Which the Zephyrs on gossamer fan?
O thrice more enchanting to view
Is the eye of my sweet little Anne.

Can aught like the morning delight

When it dawns toward peaceable day ?

Or bewitch like the planet of night

When she steals in good humour away ?

Is there aught like the sweetness of eve,

When serene as when Nature began,

The soft sun takes his mellow last leave ?

Yes, the smile of my sweet little Anne.

Can aught more delicious be nam'd

Than the exquisite fruit of the pine ?

More inviting can aught be proclaim'd

Than the elegant bunch of the vine ?

Is there aught can in flavour exceed

Ev'ry beverage precious to man ?

O yes, these are tasteless indeed

To the kiss of my sweet little Anne.

Thrice more than the sun-setting hour

Or the dawn of the morning, benign,

More

More delightful than spring's sweetest flow'r

Or the mirth-making juice of the vine,

More serene than the gems of the sky,

And more soft than the down of the swan,

Is the cheek, is the lip, is the eye,

Is the smile, of my sweet little Anne.

XIII. *SECOND ADDRESS TO THE MOON.*

MOON that so fairly risest from the crown
Of yon high oak, and wast so fondly pray'd
To fill thy orb with light, ah me! how cold,
How little welcome is thy cheerless beam!
Methought it would have found me full of hope,
And at the side of one whose winning smiles
My soul devoutly honours. But it comes
To see me languishing in discontent,
To see me pining with a brimful eye,
Soliciting in vain the buried dart
Which festers in my bosom. Gentle moon,
How did I blame thee that thy phasy lamp
So tardily increas'd. For no methought
I should again my charmer's eye engage,
And touch the hand which her own welcome word
Her own spontaneous promise had decreed
Should at this moment have been link'd in mine.

O happiness,

O happiness, thou fair delusive flower,
How painfully had I thy puny bud
Taught to unfold its slow reluctant leaf!
How had I cherish'd thee, with little doubt
Ere this thy grateful blossom would have grac'd
The glowing bosom of rewarded love.
But ah! a cruel worm has kill'd my hopes,
Nor can I decorate a wounded heart
With that sweet blossom which it surely needs.
An exile let me wander, far from hope,
Far from the haven of content and ease,
Far from that Paradise my doting heart
Fondly suppos'd its own. Such was the pain
Desponding Adam felt when from his hand
The gracious Angel parted, and he saw
Before him barren earth's unbounded plain,
Behind him God's high-blazing fiery sword.
Such anguish felt he when the golden gate
Clos'd on the blooming garden, which his hand
Had with affection nurtur'd. And such too
Were the few natural drops he shed apart

And

And wip'd them soon. So did he overlook
And bury in her tears the bitter smart
Eve's indiscretion rais'd, concealing half
And all forgiving the vast woe he felt.

Poor discontented heart! when shalt thou taste
Of the pure spring of happiness again!
Wide is the moon from the life shedding sun,
Wide are the spangled Heavens from the earth,
Wide is the east from the day-drowning west,
Yet are not all these distances so wide
As the wide distance between thee and peace.
Thou restless tenant of an aching breast,
Why dost thou labour at the forge of life
With such impetuous stroke. Tis not disease
Which comes thy little kingdom to disturb.
Tis not the fever which alarms my blood,
Or brain delirious, which in ugly dream,
Sees bony death with his potential bar
Heaving the lid of the unwholesome vault

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To give my relics room. No, tis the loss
Of only one sweet jewel dearly priz'd,
Whose absence may be some day not perceiv'd
Tho' never recompenc'd. Then be at ease,
The darkeft night is follow'd by a dawn.
The gloomiest cavern has a distant mouth
Which opens to the sun. Anguish and pain
Are changeable and waning as the moon.
The weeping mother of an only child
Can place him in the bowels of the earth
And feel content again. His blooming bride
The husband buries, and forgets his loss.
Then may thy quick tumultuous throb be still'd
By the slow lapse of moments, months, and years.
Be patient then, and let my wakeful eye
Meet its accustom'd slumbers. One pang more
Shall be allow'd thee, when the die is cast
And she's for ever and for ever gone.
Then to thy peace return, nor waste a sigh,
Convinc'd that Heaven in the cup of life
Mingles prevention for the good of man.

XIV. TO A LADY

WHO DREW THE PINS FROM HER BONNET IN A
THUNDER-STORM.

CEASE, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,
Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair,
For fruitless and fond is the toil
Since nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain
And thine eye so bewitchingly shine,
Thy endeavour must still be in vain
For *attraction* will always be thine.

XV. AD-^oTis bu

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XV. ADDRESS TO CRITICISM.

SISTER of nature, lovely Criticism,
Whose friendly, exquisite, judicious touch
Softens the blaze of genius, and the work
Of every muse improves; ingenious maid,
Deem not I shun thee with a scornful eye.
Come to my side and look upon my work.
Be seated by me. Ruminatè my page;
And while my hand is loop'd about thy waist,
And my reclining head in thoughtful ease
Reposes on thy shoulder, mark my faults.
Point to the line which my impatient pen
Has hastily dismiss'd, and blot the word
Which gives offence to decency or truth.
I feel and own that I have much to mend.
Reprove me, and advise me. Thy rebuke
Is ever tender, and so mix'd with love
. AD-'Tis but a precious medicine disguis'd
Which charms the palate and restores the man.

Such is thy censure, Cowper, whom my muse
Dares to believe, nor scruples to pronounce
The fairest critic, and the sweetest bard.



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